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May 14 2023

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14.05.2023

A prince ascends

An official portrait of Charles aged ten in 1959. Our coronation special starts on page 10

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Simply Red's *Mick Hucknall* on being genetically blessed and why he's not listening to Gen Z's music

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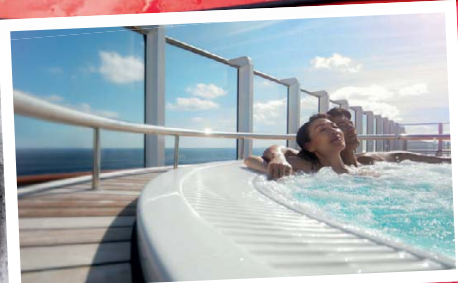
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MATT RUDD

That driver blocking the road is me in my convertible getting my comeuppance

The first couple of miles are bad. Out from our road into the morning rush hour, hazard lights on, roof stuck halfway between open and shut. A shrill alarm accompanies the dashboard message: roof failure, service required. “Don’t go over 20mph or it will blow off,” Trevor the mechanic had warned, so I’m doing 17mph on a 60mph single carriageway on the way to his garage, my own inadvertent rolling roadblock. Every time I reach a layby, I pull over and wave drivers past but more keep coming. They’re late for work. I’m making them later.

“Tosser,” shouts a man with a van.

“Fair enough,” I shout back.

If you were stuck behind the idiot with the broken convertible last week, I was the idiot and I apologise. If it makes you feel any better, it was worse for me than you because it was raining.

I bought the car five years ago. I don’t know why. It was completely impractical... a four-seater for a family of five, no leg room in the back, nowhere to put the dog. Ridiculous.

I do know why I bought it. It was completely impractical. No legroom in the back, nowhere to put the dog. Every car we’ve had in the past 15 years has been chosen for its miles per gallon, its boot space, its wipeability and its poor performance in a wind tunnel. And then, one afternoon after the Vauxhall Sensibleslacks died, Swiss Toni showed me nine other fridges on wheels and a Volvo C70 with its incredibly fancy retractable hardtop roof. And a little voice in my head whispered, “Get that one.” I could drive it away right then with the roof down and the wind in my receding hair. And when I got home I could put the roof up again and maybe Harriet wouldn’t notice I’d had some kind of breakdown.

She did notice but — and this is why I love her — she rolled her eyes only once. Twice, tops. Then we put the roof down again and went for a spin with the two shorter kids and no dogs, and it was great. Sunglasses on, skies up above, freedom all around. Then it rained for the next five months and I might have got another eyeroll.

The rain keeps coming. The onlookers keep laughing. I’ve no one to blame but me

The third mile to Trevor’s is worse. Off the A-road and into town, still with the hazards on and now with the dashboard telling me to STOP IMMEDIATELY, which is what I should have done when I was handing over my payment details to Swiss Toni. “My other car’s a Grand Scenic,” I want to tell the laughing pedestrians as I limp past like a stuck Transformer.

“Tosser,” shouts an old lady on a mobility scooter.

I had hoped the alarm might have timed out by now, but that would be way too cavalier for the very serious safety people at Volvo. The relentless beeping had been distracting at first. Then it was annoying, then upsetting, and now I’d go for taunting. Beep beep. Sad man. Beep beep beep beep. In your sad car. The rain keeps coming. The onlookers keep laughing. I have no one to blame but myself. A convertible? What a dope.

“Tosser,” shouts a vicar on a mountain bike.

The fourth mile is the worst because I pass a very large school and very many teenagers are on hand to witness my passing. There’s a point in every crisis — the big grim life-changing ones and the smaller mechanical ones — when you reach rock bottom.

Driving a silly, beeping car full of water past Grange Hill is this morning’s rock bottom and it’s hardly the end of the world. I give the kids a what-can-you-do shrug and they give me a cheer. I’ve brightened their morning. I’ve shown them what happens if you pretend to be someone you’re not. Double points.

The final mile is the best. Or the least worst. As I crawl into Trevor’s garage, the clouds part and the sun comes out. People are still pointing and laughing. Even Trevor is working hard to keep a straight face but that’s OK. Everyone laughs at middle-aged men in convertibles anyway. I’m just giving them added value. I’m the Aesop’s fable of the day. Look, son, that’s what happens when a middle-aged dad of three tries to convince himself he isn’t a middle-aged dad of three.

We had five summers with the impractical and occasionally joyful C70 and now I have a decision to make. Trevor has managed to close the roof but I’d have to take it to a specialist in midlife crisis repairs if I ever want to get it open again. The specialist tells me it might cost a few hundred pounds or it might cost thousands. Which means it will cost thousands. So now I have a nonconvertible convertible — all the impracticality, none of the occasional joy — and I’ve learnt my lesson. I’m thinking a Harley next.

“Tosser,” I shout at myself ■



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CHARLOTTE IVERS

Sorry, millennials, but we're the first generation to achieve nothing



I didn't want to be here. Like David Cameron, I was the future once, and back when I was the future — say in 2015 or so — I wanted to work for a rule-breaking new website called BuzzFeed. Everyone did. The old world was dying, we university students confidently assured each other. Newspapers were the past. Our generation was changing the shape of media. Changing the internet. Changing the world.

Well, I'm here. So I guess that tells you how that worked out. BuzzFeed News, meanwhile, is not. It folded last month, when its founder decided there simply was no money to be made in news driven by social media clicks.

Then there was Vice News. Everyone who didn't want to write for BuzzFeed wanted to write for Vice. Vice was cooler, edgier. A friend of a friend actually worked there and we all thought he was impossibly, unspeakably cool. For a while it was changing the shape of war reporting. For a while it too was changing the world. Now it has declared bankruptcy. That friend of a friend works for NPR; perhaps the closest approximation America has to BBC Radio. About as traditional as they come. Meet the new world: same as the old world. Today's media landscape looks much the same as it did before we millennials had our crack at making our mark. So, I have come to realise, do all the other landscapes.

Think of the big revolutions of the millennial age: Uber and Deliveroo spring to mind, as do Facebook and Twitter. But Twitter is haemorrhaging users and nobody under the age of 40 has been on Facebook since 2017. Deliveroo and Uber aren't cheap or convenient any more now that the venture capital has dried up. That's if you can get an Uber, and most of the time you can't. WeWork looks like just another letting firm. So does Airbnb. As a generation we came of age at the dawn of the internet, a time of infinite possibility. And we have done with that possibility... well, not much.

Less job stability, lower pay... we seem to have taken the world we inherited and made it just a little bit worse. Only a little bit, you understand. We didn't even have the wherewithal to do it properly, like the baby boomers. Outside of the gig economy, our big contributions to changing the economic model of

society were cryptocurrency and social media influencing. Crypto was going to replace central banks entirely, we told ourselves. Working for yourself, from your iPhone, was going to replace being a wage slave. A revolution was coming. But most influencers today do not make a living from their craft. The less said about cryptocurrency the better.

Oh well, making money is for squares anyway. At least we have our cultural impact to fall back on. We have Arctic Monkeys and the 50 other bands that sound like Arctic Monkeys. Taylor Swift and the 50 other singers that sound like Taylor Swift. Sally Rooney and the... You take my point. It is hard to point to a millennial who has changed mass culture in the way that the Beatles or Madonna did.

All this would be fine if we had at least managed to develop some decent countercultures. But I'm not convinced we have. Where previous generations had hippies or punks, we have, I suppose, hipsters: a counterculture that is barely countercultural, and which is defined by picking through the carcasses of better countercultures and homogenising them into a largely detestable amorphous lump. Time to change this, I suspect, has run out. The oldest millennials are in their forties now. You can do a lot in your forties, but I don't think you can start a countercultural revolution.

I don't know where it all went wrong. Maybe the financial crash meant that all the people who would have been artists didn't want to take the risk, and instead went to work for KPMG. Maybe we were all too busy worrying about climate change to seize the opportunities the internet seemed to offer. We've had our fair share of crises to distract us, sure. But doesn't every generation? Say what you like about the First World War, but we got some really decent poetry out of it.

As I write this, I am acutely aware that this whinge is a particularly millennial whinge. As a generation we are often derided for our earnestness; for assuming we could and should be changing the world. And yet we seem to have passed through the world making barely a ripple. Maybe that was the problem in the first place. Maybe we were trying too hard, and there's nothing less cool than trying too hard. Or maybe there is. I don't know any more. I too am ageing out of the life stage where I have any interest in knowing what is cool, or indeed in shaping it. That's Gen Z's problem now. Good luck to them. I'll be in the corner, boring the graduate trainees with stories about the time we all thought BuzzFeed was the future. They won't care of course. Ugh. Kids these days, honestly ■



We seem to have taken the world we inherited and made it just a little bit worse

RELATIVE VALUES

Rosamond Mahony and Juliet Johnson

The daughters of the author Richard Adams on 50 years of *Watership Down* — and how success went to their father's head

Rosamond

My parents married in 1949 and then had to wait nine years for their first child, my sister, Juliet. Naturally they were overjoyed when we came along. I think there was some jealousy when I was born two years later but Juliet and I rubbed along fine, growing up in Islington. We played dressing up, put on little performances and sifted through Dad's old Punch magazines on wet weekends. We always stuck together.

Dad threw himself into parenthood and took every opportunity to engage and entertain us. My parents prioritised education, so while Mum [the ceramics historian Elizabeth Adams] stayed at home like most women in those days, almost all of Dad's salary went on our school fees — we attended Channing School in Highgate.

Even when Juliet and I were only eight and six years old, Dad read us Shakespeare, with family outings to Stratford-upon-Avon in his tank of a Volvo. He would make up stories to pass the time on those long, boring journeys. On one such drive he told us about a bunch of talking rabbits who lived on the wild downs. That story would eventually become *Watership Down*.

We were enthralled. The adventures of Hazel, Bigwig and Fiver turned into such a long tale that it had to be finished on the way to school the next day. The story was nothing like the finished novel, but still descriptive about the countryside. We urged Dad to write it down but he was busy with his job at the civil service.

In the end Juliet and I hatched a plan. We saved enough pocket money to buy Dad a notepad and a pen. In 1966 he started writing the book, usually after he had put us to bed, often into the early hours. He would read us sections and we always wanted more. Our only rule was that no rabbits should die.

Watership Down took two years to write and four to finally get published, in November 1972. Life changed completely because we became celebrities. The papers weren't just interested in Dad — they wanted to know about Juliet and me. We were both teenagers by then and really didn't want to be pictured holding toy bunny rabbits. As his fame spread, Dad would come home from book tours thinking he was the great "I Am". We had to remind him to pull himself together.

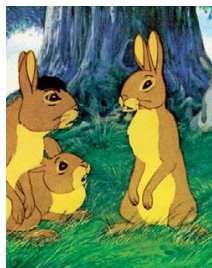
Today Juliet and I see each other when we can. She is very intense, perhaps a little timid, but a loyal and honest person underneath. We are both married with grown-up children who all remember their grandpa with fondness [Adams died in 2016, aged 96]. I live in Hampshire and also run Watership Down Enterprises, which protects the rights of our father's book and helps to preserve the essence of his creation.

Mum lives in a care home. At the end Dad wasn't writing any more but he still managed The Times crossword every day. I think he was astonished that *Watership Down* attracted the following it did. Dad would have loved the attention the book has received in its 50th year.

At the height of his success Dad revelled in the limelight. He used to gloss his stories shamelessly. Mum was loyal and supportive but fame wasn't her thing. I remember the day I watched Dad as he was whisked off to America in a limousine. I stood in my pyjamas at the end of the street thinking my childhood had just ended. I was right.

Juliet

Postwar Britain must have been very difficult for my parents. Dad was studying modern history at Oxford University when he was called up to join the Royal Army Service Corps in 1940. He was a sensitive 20-year-old and, although he said he never fired a gun in anger, serving in places like Palestine and Asia had a profound impact. After the war Dad returned to Oxford and suffered a nervous breakdown, due in no small part to the fact that many of his friends had been killed in action.



"As Dad was whisked off in a limo, I stood in my pyjamas thinking my childhood had just ended"



Main: Rosamond, 63, and Juliet, 65, at Rosamond's home in London. Right: with their father in 1974, two years after *Watership Down* was published. Above: the book was made into a film in 1978



He joined the Ministry of Housing and Local Government in 1948 and later my parents moved to north London. There was no central heating in our house, so they shovelled coal into a stove in the basement. Ros and I had our own bedrooms but they were freezing cold in the winter and we had lodgers to help pay the bills.

Dad had a regimented life in the civil service. Like everybody else he went to work wearing a bowler hat and carried an umbrella, rolled up with military precision. He worked on some key legislation, co-writing the Clean Air Act, which transformed living conditions in London.

As children I remember Dad telling us that it was extraordinarily easy to write *Watership Down*. Once he got going it flowed out of him as if it had been sitting there all the time. Not bad for a book that has since sold tens of millions of copies.

It was turned down by three agents and four publishers before a small independent house called Rex Collings agreed to a limited print run. There was no advance, and then a massive lull because the book sold out quickly. Then another publishing deal happened and the paperback version went “boom”. Dad couldn’t have been happier. In 1974 he told Ros he was going to

STRANGE HABITS

Rosamond on Juliet

Once she’s in the bath it’s impossible to get her out

Juliet on Rosamond

As a teenager, she was fond of art nouveau posters — by Alphonse Mucha in particular

stop working for the civil service because there was a “ship laden with golden jewels just waiting to be taken”.

The publicity was immense and famous people started coming to dinner, including Edna O’Brien and Elisabeth Beresford, who wrote *The Wombles*. Success certainly went to his head. He felt underappreciated as a civil servant, but the more promotional tours he did, the less he wrote. At the same time, as Ros and I grew up, it made Dad feel old and he struggled with that. Mum was wrapped up in her work as a historian and her great mistake was not to enter into the fun. They seemed to part ways, psychologically, and Dad became very lonely.

Watership Down has made a lot of money but not as much as it should have. There are lots of reasons, including many snouts in a successful trough. I’ve been totally self-supporting during my married life, working as a BBC producer and journalist. My parents moved to the Isle of Man in 1976 and that’s where I live now.

It is remarkable to think it’s 50 years since *Watership Down* was first published — the book has been a part of our lives for so long. I don’t know what characters Ros and I would have been in Dad’s story. He once said there were no metaphors in the text of the book: it was just a charming tale ■

Interviews by Jeremy Taylor

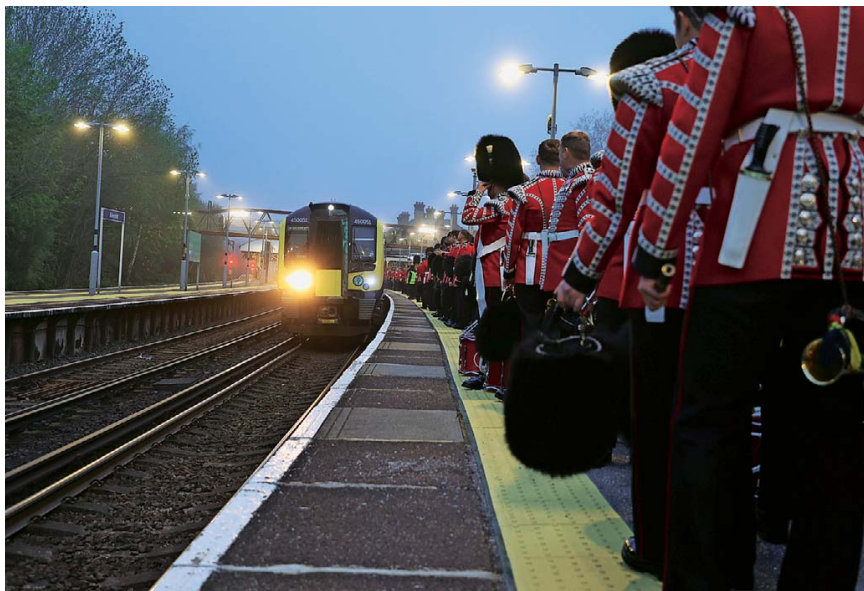
DATE WITH DESTINY

Saturday, May 6, 2023, in
pictures — the day Charles III
was finally crowned King



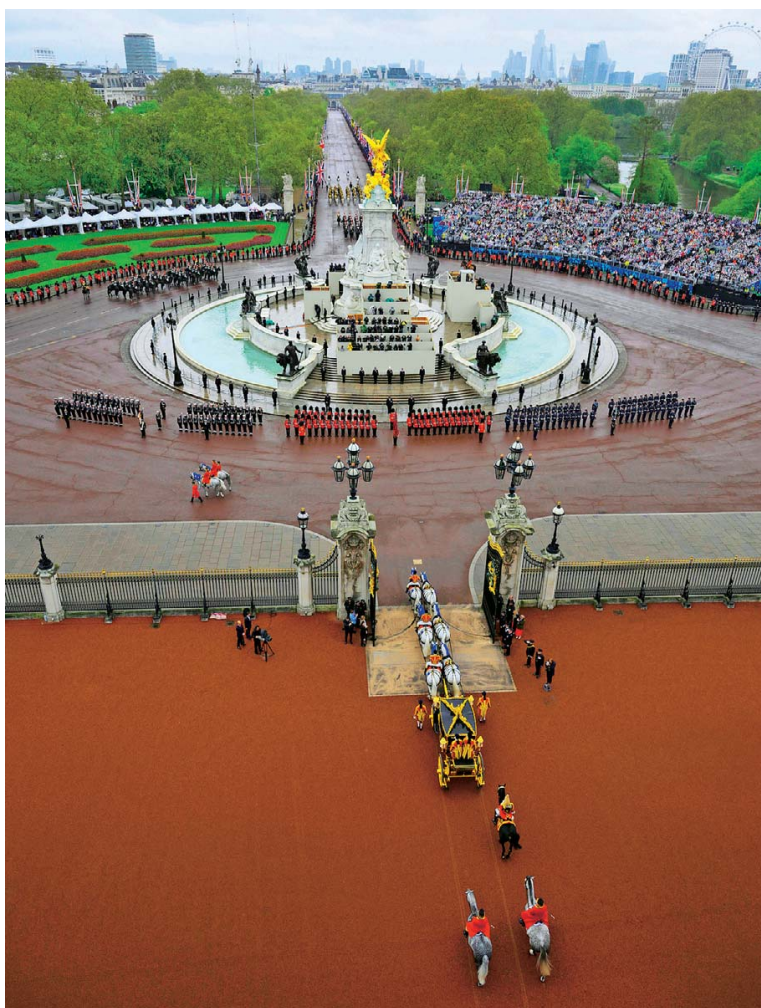


The coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey. Flanked by the Bishop of Durham, left, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Charles holds the Jewelled Sword of Offering. He had been presented the sword by the lord president of the privy council, Penny Mordaunt, left, in blue



BELOW
King Charles and Queen Camilla leave Buckingham Palace in the Diamond Jubilee State Coach

RIGHT
The coach crosses Parliament Square en route to Westminster Abbey for the coronation ceremony





FAR LEFT

Troops catch an early train to Waterloo from the Hampshire garrison town of Aldershot

CENTRE

On the train to London an Irish Guards drummer squeezes in some piccolo practice

LEFT

Armed forces band members file through the ticket barriers at Waterloo station





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RIGHT

Guests grab a selfie with the American singer Katy Perry, who seemed a little lost when she came to find her seat for the ceremony

BELOW RIGHT

The TV presenters Anthony McPartlin and Declan Donnelly proudly wear their OBEs as they pose for the BBC's Sophie Raworth



ABOVE

Dame Joanna Lumley is happy to send herself up as she stops for a snap outside Westminster Abbey



RIGHT

The veteran broadcaster Gyles Brandreth snags the actress Emma Thompson for a quick selfie





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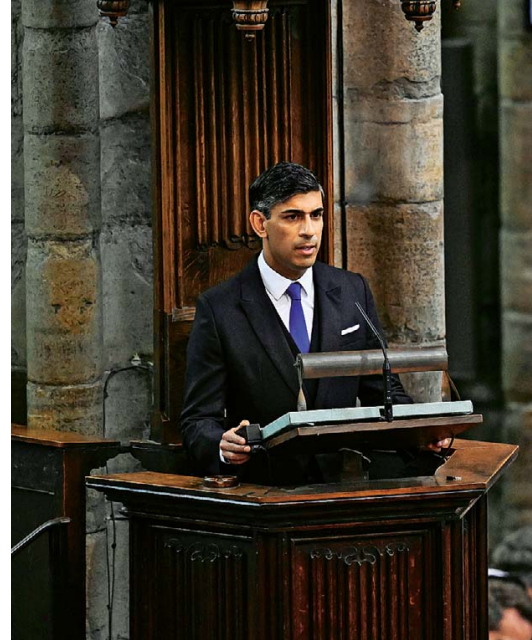
LEFT

A pensive-looking Charles peers out of the Diamond Jubilee State Carriage on his way to be crowned king

BELOW

The Prince and Princess of Wales are sheltered from the rain as they arrive at Westminster Abbey





ABOVE LEFT

From left, Dame Elizabeth Anionwu, General Sir Gordon Messenger and Baroness Benjamin bring the Sovereign's Orb, St Edward's Crown and the Sceptre with Dove to the throne

ABOVE

Rishi Sunak, the prime minister, reads from the epistle to the Colossians during the service

ABOVE RIGHT

After being offered at the altar by the King, the sword is received by the Dean of Westminster

LEFT

The Jewelled Sword of Offering is carried by the lord president of the privy council, Penny Mordaunt



LEFT

The Ascension gospel choir delivers a rousing version of Alleluia by the composer Debbie Wiseman

RIGHT

St Edward's Crown is placed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev Justin Welby





LEFT

Prince William kisses his father's cheek after pledging his loyalty in the Homage of Royal Blood ceremony

RIGHT

Queen Mary's Crown, made for the King's great-grandmother in 1911, is placed on the Queen's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury

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LEFT

Prince Harry greets his aunt, the Princess Royal. To his right sit Princess Eugenie and her husband, Jack Brooksbank, and next to them Princess Beatrice and her husband, Edoardo Mapelli Mozzi. Behind Beatrice sits Prince Michael of Kent

RIGHT

Princess Anne rides behind the Gold State Coach carrying the newly crowned King and Queen



FAR LEFT

The Princess of Wales's sister, Pippa Matthews (in yellow dress), and her brother, James Middleton, follow their parents, Carole and Michael Middleton, into Westminster Abbey

LEFT

A solitary Prince Andrew leaves the service dressed in ceremonial robes

RIGHT

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh wave from a state landau after the service



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ABOVE

The King is led down the nave of the abbey flanked by the bishops of Durham, left, and Bath and Wells

BELOW

Followed by the Prince of Wales, the Queen heads towards the waiting Gold State Coach after the ceremony

RIGHT

The King exits the abbey to brave the inclement weather as a page makes sure the Robe of Estate stays dry





**CLOCKWISE
FROM LEFT**

A woman takes time out for a quiet cigarette as a giant TV screen relays the proceedings

Spectators are undaunted by the weather as they wait in St James's Park for the procession

A royal fan shows dedication to the cause with her hair elaborately plaited into a crown

Regally attired, a King Charles spaniel shows support for his namesake

A weary well-wisher grabs forty winks as police pass among the crowd

Women in patriotic ponchos keep their spirits up despite the drizzle

Spectators in Charles and Camilla masks take the weight off their feet



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ABOVE

Dedicated royal watchers lurk in the undergrowth of St James's Park to record the occasion

LEFT

Canny spectators gain a height advantage using their stools to view the procession

FAR LEFT

Dressed head to toe in the Union Jack, a woman digs deep in her supplies for refreshment







After the ceremony, troops march along The Mall in perfect formation, part of the 1.42-mile-long procession.

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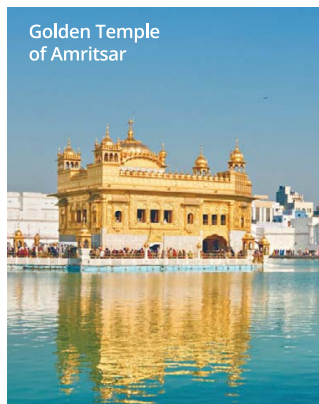
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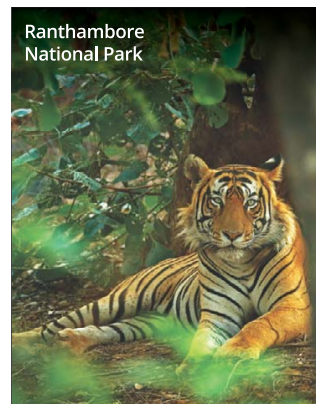
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ABOVE

Spectators run to Buckingham Palace to catch another glimpse of the King and Queen

LEFT

An officer in the Household Division briefly loses control of his horse, which backs into the crowd



RIGHT
Footage is
live streamed
to rain-soaked
shoppers at
Piccadilly Circus

BELOW
The Bradford
teenager Yusuf
Karim was one of
20 million people
across the UK who
watched on TV





ABOVE
At Stonehenge,
the 14th Regiment
Royal Artillery fires
a 21-gun salute as
the King is crowned



LEFT
Children jump on
a bouncy castle
at a street party
in Great Horton,
Bradford



ABOVE

The royal family assembles on the palace balcony, from left: Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Wessex, Lady Louise Windsor, Vice-Admiral Sir Timothy Laurence, Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Charlotte,

Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Prince Louis, Prince of Wales, Lord Oliver Cholmondeley, Prince George, Nicholas Barclay, Ralph Tollemache, King Charles III, Queen Camilla, Freddy Parker Bowles, Gus Lopes,

Arthur Elliot, Annabel Elliot, Louis Lopes, Marchioness of Lansdowne, Princess Alexandra, Diane Duke, private secretary to Princess Alexandra, Duke of Kent, Duchess of Gloucester, Duke of Gloucester



LEFT

Prince Louis' antics keep the Princess of Wales amused as the military flypast soars overhead

RIGHT

The King and Queen greet the crowds on The Mall as chants of "God save the King" ring out





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The newly crowned Queen Camilla enters the palace from its lawns, wearing a gown by Bruce Oldfield embroidered with wildflowers and two Jack Russells



DRIVING • Nick Rufford

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REVIEW BYD ATTO 3

Build Your Dreams doesn't sound much like a carmaker, more a slogan for a pensions firm. But the name is shamelessly spelt out in bold lettering on the back of this Qashqai-sized crossover, a life-affirming message for whomever is stuck behind you in a motorway jam.

BYD is a Chinese company worth £50 billion and wants to be a household name in Europe within five years, so it is starting to flex its industrial muscle to

gain a foothold. Hence the arrival of the Atto 3, to be followed by two others with marine-themed names — a hatchback called Dolphin and a saloon called Seal — all of them battery-powered.

Based in the city of Xi'an, BYD started selling cars 20 years ago — coincidentally the same time as Tesla — and last year shifted 900,000 across the world, more than the entire British motor industry put together. Its annual production is more than double Tesla's, which is why investors such as Warren Buffett are backing it.

Eyebrows might raise at the fact that a country that produces more carbon dioxide than any other is now flooding the world with electric cars, aided and abetted by looming bans on petrol and diesel cars imposed by western governments. They have also made huge inroads into their domestic market — now the biggest in the world. Chinese-owned companies

such as Volvo, Polestar and Lotus (all three owned by Geely), MG (owned by SAIC) and now BYD are charging ahead in Europe with electric vehicles. The electric Mini will be built in China by Great Wall, which also sells cars in Britain under the brand name Ora. Xpeng, another Chinese firm, is planning to launch two models in Britain, including the world's fastest-charging SUV. No wonder an industrial giant such as Volkswagen is hastily revising its model range and turning the Golf electric.

If the Atto 3 has a standout feature, it's that it is chatty — in a way that reminded me of the robotic Johnny Cab in *Total Recall*. Say "Hi BYD" and it will repeat your commands while fussing about setting the music volume, opening or closing the windows or the sunroof, turning the air conditioning on or off or setting a destination on the sat-nav. You expect it to say,

"Helluva day, isn't it?" and, when you get out, "Hope you enjoyed the ride." Instead it says things like, "For your safety, please fasten your seatbelt." Remark you're too hot and it says, "Got it! Decreasing temperature," or "Sure, I'll turn off seat heating." Ask it to find, say, the nearest charging station and it says with a flourish, "Here's what I've found, which would you like?" You can then tell it the list number or "None of these". On longer journeys there's a danger you can start chatting to it for company, though if you get too abstract and ask, say, if it can do something about the traffic, it says, ruefully, "I'm afraid I can't do that," or "I'm sorry, I didn't understand your question."

Some might find it unsettling that we're in a futuristic world in which a car — especially one made by a Chinese company — is listening to you and talking back. If we were worried about Huawei building 5G networks

in case it taps into phone data, we might think twice about the information our cars might be collecting, though BYD insists it's all protected and anonymised. Audi has reportedly agreed a deal with Huawei that puts autonomous driving software into some of its cars. Porsche and BMW have also struck licensing deals with Huawei. Together with sat-nav records and the data gleaned by "connected services" — those that let drivers use apps while on the move — it means our cars know more about us than we may be comfortable with.

Potential privacy concerns aside, BYD spared no expense in hiring Wolfgang Egger, Audi's former design boss, to style the Atto 3's exterior. The result isn't pretty enough to give you an instant lift when you glance at it on your drive, but it's not unattractive and at least stands out from a distance in a car park. The spec of the basic model is decent — a big glass roof, heated front seats, seven airbags, an eight-speaker sound system, a heat pump to preserve range in winter, adaptive headlights (ones that bend round corners). In the back there's leg and headroom to spare — you could comfortably fit three adults, if not three prop forwards. The boot space is 440 litres, or 1,338 litres if you fold the rear seatbacks.

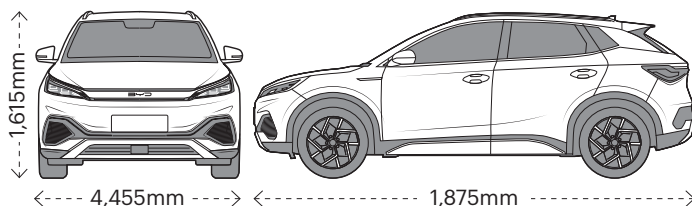
There are some fun touches. The gear shifter, for selecting drive, neutral and reverse, is modelled on the throttle control of an airliner. The rectangular central screen can rotate — neatly solving the debate about whether vertical (as in a Mercedes SL roadster) or horizontal (as in a Tesla Model Y) is best. The glass roof opens by voice command and 360-degree cameras give good all-round views.

Some of the features are gimmicky, such as the "guitar strings" in the door bins that young or excited passengers will insist on plucking, but it's a pleasing change from grey plastic. It has wireless charging but you need to connect a cable to use the Apple CarPlay or Android Auto smartphone mirroring systems.

It drives well, more smoothly over speed bumps and potholes than many electric cars,

The Ruffometer

BYD Atto 3 Active



Powertrain
One electric motor,
60kWh battery

Power
201bhp

Torque
229 lb ft

Acceleration
0-62mph: 7.3sec

Top speed
99mph

Range / CO₂
260 miles / 0g/km

Weight
1,750kg

Price
£36,490

Release date
On sale now

Nick's rating
★★★★☆

weighed down as they are by heavy batteries. The Atto 3 is powered by a 60kWh battery supplying a 150kW motor, with a 0-62mph time of 7.3 seconds, and you get something close to the official 260-mile range from a full tank, something that can't be said for many electric cars. However, the Atto 3 charges at

88kW — more slowly than some rivals. BYD tries to paper over this by giving a charging time of "under half an hour" based on 30-80 per cent battery replenishment instead of the 10-80 per cent figure that's more generally used. But the company is probably right to surmise that

fast charging is not top of many owners' electric car shopping list. Charging is more often done at home overnight.

Of course, Chinese brands like this couldn't succeed if they were no good and, by and large, they are. When Shanghai-based SAIC first took over MG in 2007 it made dreary petrol-powered econoboxes. So much for the once mighty British sports-car maker, we sighed. Now MG is the fastest-growing brand in the UK, with the battery-powered MG ZS, MG4 and 5 undercutting and outselling most similar models.

If anything, the Atto 3 is even better. It gives the Tesla Model Y a run for its money. It can't match the Californian class-leader for range (330 miles) or tech but at a base price of £36,490, it's about £8,500 cheaper — one reason perhaps why Elon Musk is cutting prices across his Tesla model range.

The cheapest Atto 3, the Active, comes with a 7kW AC charger, while a step up to Comfort (£36,990) gives you an 11kW charger and the range-topping Design (£38,990) adds a bigger screen, electric tailgate and air purifier. The robot Johnny Cab driver isn't yet an option but it's only a matter of time ■

TWO MORE CHINESE ELECTRICS — AND THE EURO MODEL FIGHTING BACK



ORA FUNKY CAT

From: £31,995

Range: up to 193 miles

At first glance you might think this bubble car is made from bits of Minis and Fiat 500s. But no, the Funky Cat is fresh off Great Wall Motor's production line in Taizhou, China. At a whisker under £32,000 the First Edition comes with lots of kit as standard, including voice control, sat-nav and a six-speaker sound system. Its quoted range is 193 miles; we managed 181.



MG4

From: £26,940

Range: up to 281 miles

The latest incarnation of MG, now Chinese-owned, is surely the most successful since the days of the Midget, selling more cars last year in Britain than Skoda, Renault or Volvo. The MG4 has its faults — clicky dashboard buttons, no rear-screen wiper and seats that become back-aching on long journeys. But at this price it's not bad for a mid-size electric hatchback.



PEUGEOT E-208

Price: £31,345

Range: up to 248 miles

The revamped e-208 is proof that European car companies are fighting back. It has the edge over most of its rivals in terms of styling and handling. Designed for the urban jungle, it zips down side streets and squeezes into snug parking spaces. It cruises smoothly on longer journeys too, and comes with a clever "virtual cockpit". Get the new version with the boosted range.

God save King Charles (and all other royal breeds)

Queen Elizabeth II, right, with one of her beloved corgis in 1952. Her great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria was a fan of dachshunds, above, and pugs, below right



I saw a sprightly King Charles spaniel the other day, gambolling along in the park. It got me thinking about royal dogs. They're an old breed, taking their name from King Charles II. He was very fond of them, to the extent that Samuel Pepys, describing a council meeting at Whitehall

Palace, where the dogs were allowed to roam at will, wrote: "All I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while and not minding the business." Good for him, I say.

Queen Victoria was famously a fan of collies, dachshunds, pugs and pomeranians. History doesn't record why she liked these diverse breeds but we can assume that someone who's had herding dogs, hunting dogs and fluffy lapdogs is a lover of dogs in general. She was an enthusiastic breeder too, having the royal kennels built at Windsor Home Park early in her reign. Tail docking and ear cropping were common then — but Victoria banned both in her kennels. She was ahead of her time: it took until 2006 for the Animal Welfare Act to make these practices illegal.

That King Charles III is a dog person is less well known. While his mother's love for her corgis and dorgis (corgi-dachshund crosses) took the limelight, he has been a terrier fan since at least the early Seventies. Spirited, cheeky Jack Russells are his and Queen Camilla's thing. She's patron of Battersea Dogs and Cats Home, where she rescued two down-and-out Jack Russells in 2017. "Along I went to Battersea and



Beth appeared, and she had just been moved from pillar to post and dumped," Camilla told BBC Radio 5 Live last year. "We thought it would be nice for her to have a friend. They found [Bluebell] two or three weeks later, wandering about in woods, no hair on her, covered in sores, virtually dead. And they nursed her back to life and her hair grew again. She's very sweet but a tiny bit neurotic, shall we say?"

Dogs are great levellers. They don't care how much influence you have, or how much money you have in the bank. They'll love you for who you are, or deliver a snub, just the same. And there's no breed quite so irreverent as a Jack Russell. You don't train Jack Russells: you

negotiate with them. They don't need you like a doe-eyed labrador might, and they don't care what you think. Perhaps it comes from their rabbit-hunting ancestors, whose job was to work underground, far from human supervision.

I once saw a chap at a puppy class getting his tiny Jack Russell of 12 weeks to lie and wait with a treat on the floor, three inches from his nose. The dog didn't move a whisker until he was told — then he pounced, lightning fast. It was impressive, but maybe more to do with nature than nurture. How do you catch a rabbit? Not by running around: you wait stock still until the moment is right. This puppy was playing a game that amused him greatly. By accident, it looked like obedience. Ask him to fetch a ball, however, and it was quite different: "Not in my job description. Whaddya think I am? A retriever?"

It takes patience to be a Jack Russell owner, which perhaps speaks to the kind of people Charles and Camilla really are. It's tempting here to anthropomorphise dogs into princes — William the loyal lab, Harry the independent-minded terrier? — but best not to go there, if only for the dogs' sake.





Harry and Meghan have two rescue beagles, Mia and Guy, and a black lab, Pula. “Between the three of them, they charge around chasing squirrels and causing all sorts of problems to us every single day,” Harry told *Town & Country* in 2022. “But they are also emotional support dogs 100 per

cent when they’re behaving.” I await the call.

When it comes to behaviour, Princess Anne’s bull terriers often find themselves in the proverbial doghouse: one made headlines for an alleged attack on a gamekeeper’s dog at a pheasant shoot last Boxing Day. Anne has previously been

convicted under the Dangerous Dogs Act after one of her terriers, Dotty, bit two children at Windsor Great Park in 2002. The following year, another, Florence, savaged one of Queen Elizabeth’s corgis, Pharos, who had to be put down.

The Waleses, William and Kate, are fans of cocker spaniels, which make great family pets. They had an English cocker called Lupo, who died in 2020 after many happy years. Before Lupo’s death Kate’s brother, James Middleton, gifted them a new cocker puppy, Orla, bred from his own dog, Ella, who died recently at the age of 15. James first met Ella as a tiny four-week-old puppy when he was 20, and wrote about her passing in a touching piece in *The Sunday Times* in January.

“We grew up together,” he said, crediting Ella with helping him get through the dark days of depression — even giving him a reason not to contemplate suicide. “The worst thing about having a dog is that they are only with us for part of our life,” James wrote. Isn’t that the truth.

Queen Elizabeth’s corgis passed to Sarah Ferguson after her death. Fergie told *The Times* last month that Muick and Sandy “often do bark at nothing, which makes me think that Queen Elizabeth is passing by and laughing”, adding: “I’m not being weird.” Welcome to corgi ownership! Perhaps it’s to do with their cattle-herding DNA, but corgis often bark at nothing.

The Yorks are more known for Norfolk terriers, which are fabulously cute and mischievous. In 2018 Princesses Eugenie and Beatrice posed for a *Vogue* photoshoot with their five dogs, one of whom relieved himself “on the ruffled hem of Beatrice’s cape”, the magazine reported — at which point they all broke “for tea”.

Perhaps that’s the appeal of dogs to the royals. When you’re surrounded by courtiers and sycophants, there’s something very refreshing about a dog treating you no differently from anyone, or anything, else. Even if that thing is a lamppost ■

Princess Anne’s bull terrier savaged one of the corgis, who had to be put down

Above: the King and Queen with their Jack Russells Beth, left, and Bluebell in 2015. Right: King Charles spaniels were named after Charles II





REAL MEN DO COOK

The best food is cheap, easy and (occasionally) meat-free, says James May, ahead of a new series of his cookery show

PORTRAITS BY JAY BROOKS

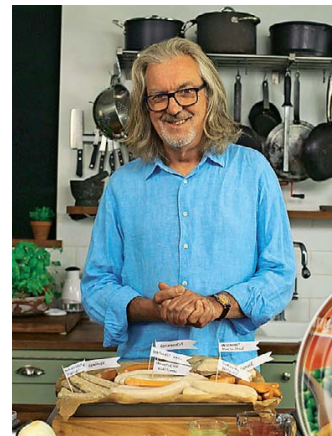
Before reading the recipes on these pages, or indeed watching my cooking show, you should be aware that I can't really cook. I'm doing my best to make up for lost time but I'm a child of the 1970s, when wearing an apron was tantamount to wearing a skirt unless you were a woodwork teacher. The only men I knew who prepared food worked in greasy spoons or were short-order cooks in the army.

These days, chefs are revered as temperamental artists with cult followings and restaurant chains. When I present car shows we often get criticised for driving around in Lamborghinis and Ferraris but when you think about it, most cooking shows are no different. Who really makes pasta from scratch and adds fresh truffle? In the real world most of us drive mid-market hatchbacks and do our food shopping at supermarkets or, in my case, petrol stations. We eat ready meals and we cook in stolen moments. It has all gone a bit pretentious. We talk about craft coffee but, for fact's sake, it's dust that you mix with water. It's not a craft. Cabinet making is a craft. Metal beating is a craft. Artisan beer is just bloody beer. And a chef is a cook.

In fact, the great thing about cooking is that it's accessible — more so than driving supercars or collecting art. It can be done by practically anyone, using a handful of implements, for just a few quid. One of the best meals I ate was a cosy dinner for two with Jeremy Clarkson when we were trying to break a world record reaching the North Pole in a motor vehicle. We had not much food and we came across a bothy in the

frozen wilderness that hadn't been used for decades. The idea of a bothy is that you can take what's inside but you leave something behind for the next explorers. We found a tin of Princes ham dating from the 1970s. We fried the contents and ate it and it was delicious. That's also a good example of how sell-by dates can sometimes be treated with a pinch of salt. At home in London I've got an emergency supplies cupboard with a steak and kidney pudding that I've had since 1998. I'm going to eat it when I reach 80 to prove that tinned goods have indefinite shelf lives. If the experiment goes wrong, I won't be cut short in my prime.

I would like to make a sociological observation about why cooking has become more popular among men. With manual labour in decline, cooking offers a substitute. It allows men to have a tool set, as they did in the days when work involved a proper job of building or mending. My corner of the ➤



Left: May on his TV show *Oh Cook!*
Below: steak and kidney pudding, a perennial favourite



VEGAN BURGERS

kitchen is my workshop, with implements for chopping and dicing and mashing and grinding. Clarkson laughs that I'm fastidious but, at 60, I can at last make things that are edible, which is very satisfying.

When I was a student in the 1980s, I tried to do a roast Sunday lunch but forgot to turn the oven on and we ended up eating it at 3am. In the 1990s I expanded my repertoire to seven or eight things, mainly variations on shepherd's pie. I didn't really start proper cooking until lockdown, when the only places to buy food in my neighbourhood of London were corner shops. They stock ingredients from all over the world. I tried my hand at Mexican, Japanese, German and French cooking.

I've devoted an episode of *Oh Cook!* to the 1970s because that's when cooking on TV took off with shows like Graham Kerr's *The Galloping Gourmet*. Those of you who lived through it will remember the height of luxury in those days was going to a Berni Inn for Sunday lunch. In honour of that, I prepare a prawn cocktail starter with beef stroganoff and crêpes suzette, washed down with Baby Cham and a bottle of Liebfraumilch. I don't want to sound snobbish, though. It's all very well talking about artisanal cheese but the industrialisation of food production fed everybody and stopped people dying of scurvy. Having smashed avocado and samphire is a privilege bought on millions of cans of luncheon meat and Princes ham.

Another privilege we can enjoy is the choice to give up meat altogether. There's enough healthy vegetarian food about. I'm not one — yet — but I have devoted an episode to meat-free cooking and I'm particularly proud of my vegan burger. I said while recording the show, it's quite possible we'll look back in a generation or two's time and regard eating animals as primitive. I still intend to try that 25-year-old steak and kidney pudding, though.

Oh Cook! episodes will be streamed on Amazon Prime on May 24

Vegan burger

Meat-free patties that taste like the real thing were popularised by Impossible Foods and even the fast-food versions are tasty. Vegan Bean Burger at Burger King: yum. McDonald's McPlant: lovin' it. To make your own, try this "Not Impossible" burger.

Serves 6

Ingredients

- 400g tin red kidney beans
- 1 onion
- 150g portobello mushrooms
- 4 tbsp olive oil
- 160g cooked beetroot, grated — I like the chilli version in vinegar
- 130g apple and herb stuffing mix
- 20g chopped parsley
- 2 tbsp nutritional yeast

To serve

- 8 bread rolls, toasted
- Little gem lettuce
- Vegan mayo

- Sliced tomatoes
- Relish

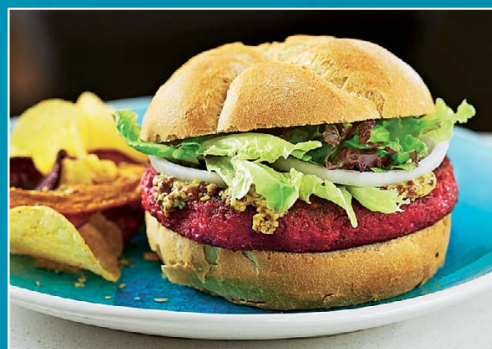
01 Drain and rinse the beans and put in a large bowl.

02 Roughly chop the onion and mushrooms, then blitz in a food processor until fine. In a frying pan, add 2 tablespoons olive oil and fry the onion/mushroom mix for a few minutes until soft. Add to the beans along with the grated beetroot, the stuffing mix, parsley and yeast.

Season with salt and black pepper. Squish it all together either with a masher or with your hands. Divide into six and shape into burgers.

03 Heat a nonstick pan on a low heat, add the remaining oil and fry the burgers in batches for about 5 min on each side until golden.

04 Serve in the toasted rolls with lettuce, mayo, sliced tomatoes and any relish you like.





Crêpes suzette

If you can remember the 1970s, you can probably recall seeing posh dinner parties on TV at which, towards the end, flambéed crêpes suzette would arrive on a heated hostess trolley. It seems quaint now, but back then it was the way to impress your boss, unless you set fire to the tablecloth.

Serves 4

Ingredients

For the pancake batter

- 125g plain flour
- 1 tbsp caster sugar
- 2 eggs
- 300ml milk
- 25g butter, melted
- Vegetable oil, for frying

For the orange sauce

- 175g butter
- 225g caster sugar
- 3 tbsp orange liqueur
- Juice and zest of 2 large oranges
- A ladle of brandy, for flaming
- 1 orange, cut into segments

01 Put the flour and sugar in a bowl with a pinch of salt and mix. Make a well in the centre and break in the eggs. Mix with a wooden spoon. Slowly add the milk and mix well after each addition. When all the milk has been incorporated, you should have a smooth batter the consistency of single cream. Add the melted butter and stir. Transfer to a jug.

02 Heat a 20cm pancake pan over a medium-high heat. Add a little oil and tilt the pan to

leave a thin film over the surface. Pour away any excess. Now pour in just enough batter to coat the pan. Cook for 40-60 seconds until brown on the base, then turn over and cook for 30-40 seconds more. Transfer to a plate and top with greaseproof paper. Repeat until you have used all the batter, adding oil to the pan as necessary. Keep the crêpes warm in a low oven.

03 To make the sauce, melt the butter in a wide, shallow pan. Once it begins to foam, add the sugar and stir to dissolve. Cook for a few minutes until it turns a light caramel colour. Lower the heat, add the liqueur, orange juice and zest. Increase the heat and allow it to bubble, stirring occasionally until it forms a sauce.

04 Lay a crêpe in the sauce. Fold in half and in half again to make a triangle shape. Slide to the edge of the pan, then repeat until all the crêpes are folded and coated in sauce.

05 Heat a ladle over a gas flame, remove from the heat and add a little brandy. Hold over the flame until it lights. Alternatively, warm the brandy in a small pan on the hob, then carefully light with a match. Pour the flaming brandy over the crêpes. Divide between four plates, spoon over the sauce and top with orange segments.



Currywurst

This recipe celebrates the Teutonic classic — a sausage drenched in spicy sauce, often consumed following a night at a bierkeller. The advantage of this home recipe is that, after eating it, you don't have to wander the streets of an unfamiliar German city trying to find your hotel.

Serves 4

Ingredients

- 4 German sausages — choose from bratwurst, bockwurst, rotwurst and weisswurst
- French fries, to serve

For the sauce

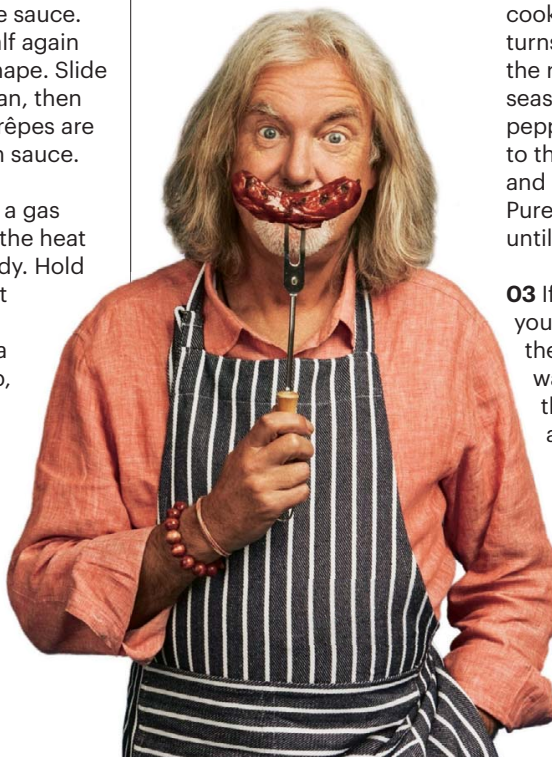
- 1 tbsp sunflower oil
- 1 small onion, finely chopped

- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 heaped tbsp curry powder
- ½ tbsp paprika
- ¼ tsp ground cinnamon
- ¼ tsp cayenne pepper
- A pinch ground cloves
- 1 tbsp tomato puree
- ½ tsp English mustard powder
- 225g tomato ketchup
- 75ml chicken stock
- 1 tbsp cider vinegar
- A few shakes of Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp soft dark brown sugar

01 To make the sauce, heat the oil in a pan. Add the onion, then cook until soft but not coloured. Add the garlic and cook for another minute. Add the spices and cook for 1 min.

02 Add the tomato puree and mustard powder and cook for 1 min until the puree turns a deep, dark red. Add the remaining ingredients, season with salt and black pepper, then stir and bring to the boil. Lower the heat and let it simmer for 10 min. Puree with a stick blender until smooth. Leave to cool.

03 If they are not precooked, you will need to poach them first in simmering water, then fry or grill until they are crispy and form a brown crust. Cut into bite-size chunks, top with the curry sauce and serve with fries on the side. They are traditionally served in paper trays and eaten with cocktail sticks ■





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The best value drink for summer? Let me show you the sherry

Mention sherry and what springs to mind? Tweedy dons discussing politics in the senior common room? Thimblefuls of sweet, treacle-coloured liquid fished out of the drinks cabinet at Christmas? Or inexplicably cheap bottles sandwiched between the port and rum at your local supermarket? Whatever the image, not many of you will naturally think of long sunny days. That's a mistake because dry sherry is not only one of the great wines of Europe, it is also one of the best wines for summer. A chilled glass of bone-dry fino or manzanilla from the sun-scorched vineyards of southwest Spain, high above the Bay of Cadiz, is an intense, thirst-quenching joy.

Unlike the more obvious summer choices such as rosé or sauvignon blanc, sherry is not defined by its fruit. The flavour is savoury, with yeasty, herby notes

and a briny, breadly tang. What it does have in common with other summer drinks, however, is vitality and acidity, which make for an uplifting aperitif or a lighter digestif. The best examples should be served straight from the fridge and pair well with Spanish-style snacks such as green olives, peppery chorizo and other cold meats, smoked almonds and slices of manchego cheese.

As a primer, fino and manzanilla are the lightest sherry styles. Next up is darker amontillado, which has a richer, nuttier flavour. Following that is the bronze-hued palo cortado, which can be served both before and after the meal and takes on complex flavours of roasted hazelnut and dried fruit. It pairs beautifully with fish and chips.

A half-bottle is plenty for two to spin out an evening and can be picked up for the cost of a pint. With roaring food inflation affecting us all, Tesco's excellent Finest Fino Sherry (37.5cl, £6.50) will probably set you back less than the snacks you buy to accompany it ■

Bargain of the week

**2020 JULES
LEBÈGUE COUR
RASTIGNAC
MÉDOC (13%)
Morrisons, £10**

This modestly priced claret from the highly rated producer Jules Lebègue illustrates how much good quality yet affordable bordeaux is out there. A smooth, easygoing blend of merlot and cabernet sauvignon, it has plenty of dark fruit, great balance and a suave texture.



1. Solear Manzanilla Barbadillo (15%, 37.5cl) The Wine Society, £6.50 Produced in the coastal town of Sanlúcar de Barrameda, this makes for a revitalising aperitif with tangy, yeasty notes of fresh warm bread.

2. Hidalgo La Gitana Manzanilla (15%, 50cl) Majestic, £9.99 A real banker from the family-owned Hidalgo estate. Served from the fridge, it combines a wonderful freshness with a nutty, salty finish.

3. Elizabetha Barbadillo Fino Sherry (15%, 75cl) Avey's, £10.99 Avey's has a long history of shipping sherry and this is a standout, flickering over the palate with figgy almond flavour and lively acidity.



4. No 1 Torre del Oro Palo Cortado (19%, 75cl) Waitrose, £11.99 Here's a dry, complex, sophisticated treat that can be enjoyed as an aperitif or a digestif, carrying traces of dried fruit and roasted hazelnuts.

5. Hidalgo La Gitana En Rama (15%, 75cl) Lea & Sandeman, £18.50 Bottled straight from the cask, the latest release of Gitana manzanilla is pale, rich and pure, combining finesse with intensity of flavour.

6. Lustau Almacenista Palo Cortado de Jerez (21%, 50cl) Berry Bros & Rudd, £29.95 This is a sensational amber-hued palo cortado from the Almacenista family, with elegant depth and invigorating tangy nuttiness.

IN THE KITCHEN • India Knight

Salad days are here at last! These are my alfresco favourites



I love eating outside, to an almost demented extent, because it makes me feel like I'm on holiday for months on end, even on a Monday after a bad day at work. Last year, I dragged out an old table and put it next to the barbecue, piled with chopping boards, plates and cutlery, like a very basic DIY outdoor kitchen.

My brainwave was adding a portable double induction hob which, frankly, was a stroke of pure genius. They're about £100 (a single starts at about £40) and, in my view, worth every penny — I used mine from April to October. You just need one of those cable extension reels and you're good to go: outdoor coffee from a Bialetti induction-friendly moka pot! Outdoor fry-ups! Outdoor omelettes! Outdoor buttery new potatoes! Outdoor pasta! Outdoor fish fingers after school! There's something about doing all the cooking outside that adds to the general holiday feeling.

Obviously, you bring the hob and its reel in at night or if it rains, but it takes two seconds. If your pans don't work on induction, all you need is an induction diffuser, a completely flat disc with a handle that you put under any old pot to make it work. They're about a tenner from Amazon.

Not that outdoor food always needs to involve cooking. My favourite summery outdoor salads are, No 1, kachumber, which I make most days until there are no more tomatoes. Toast about a teaspoonful of cumin seeds in a dry frying pan. Roughly chop a load of ripe tomatoes — say, 6-8 normal-

sized ones, though it's nice with a mix of sizes and colours. Zest and juice a lime. Put the tomatoes in a bowl with the lime zest and juice, a diced red onion (I pulse this in a mini-chopper), a bit of olive oil and salt and pepper. Add chopped coriander and toasted cumin seeds to taste, mix well and eat. Incidentally, if you're after really fantastic, tomato-tasting tomatoes, have a look at the Tomato Stall (thetomatostall.co.uk), which posts them from the balmy Isle of Wight, where they're already ripe.

I may have alluded to salad No 2 back in the depths of winter, but its time is now. This one is creamy. Cut a cucumber in half, lengthways, and scrape out the watery seeds with a teaspoon. Chop it up, not too small. Dice an avocado. Get some decent shop-bought mayonnaise and mix it with

I used to make salads dutifully, internally rolling my eyes, only because they were good for me

a generous squirt (or two — keep tasting) of sriracha, the juice of a lime and some salt. Mix it all together. You could add coriander or flat-leaf parsley if you had some, but it's super-delicious as it is.

No 3 is a normal leaf salad. Am I really going to tell you how to make a normal leaf salad? Yes, I am, because I was never very good at plain salads — I used to make and eat them dutifully, internally rolling my eyes, because I felt they were good for me, but I never particularly enjoyed them until I learnt how

to make them from (I think) the first River Café cookbook.

Anyway: get a mixture of really nice leaves, ones that are in season and taste properly of themselves. Generally the best-tasting ones are those you buy whole, rather than in pre-mixed plastic pillows. My absolute favourite is good old butterhead lettuce, which has weirdly disappeared from many shelves — presumably for being boring, which it emphatically is not. (Also, it is extremely easy to grow from seed, even in pots, and if you pick just the outer





leaves and leave the heart alone, it'll keep producing new leaves for ages. Personally, I'd eat the whole thing but have more on the go, which means sowing as many as your space can fit, at intervals, so there's large quantities of salad around all summer for a cost of about £1.) Wash and dry your various leaves then, in a jam jar, put 6 tablespoons of extra virgin olive oil, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, a generous pinch of sea salt and a lot of ground black pepper. Put the lid on, shake it all about and then dip a leaf into the dressing. Add more olive oil if it's too sharp and more lemon juice if it's too mellow. Keep fiddling — more salt? More pepper? — until it's just right. Don't whack it all onto the



leaves at once: do it bit by bit, tossing with your clean hands in between, until they're all coated but not swimming in dressing. It doesn't sound like much, does it, this dressing? But it makes salad so moreish.

And No 4, for when you want something really crunchy and sharp: a spicy lemony carrot salad, this one from Adeena Sussman's book *Sababa: Fresh, Sunny Flavors from My Israeli Kitchen*. Grate two large carrots and thinly slice one jalapeño pepper into rings. Squeeze enough lemons to give you five tablespoons of juice. Mix it all together and refrigerate (important) for at least half an hour, and up to four. Sprinkle with sumac if you have some, but it's not essential ■



KNIGHT'S TABLE

Miso Tasty Organic White Miso

Japanese dishes aside, I never quite knew what else to do with white miso paste. Now I use it all the time, particularly with vegetables. It's very useful if you want to add "meatiness" to them — particularly handy if you're vegetarian or vegan or cooking for people who are. Just make it into a dressing and drizzle it over (there are lots of recipes online). I also like using it mixed with tahini for a dipping sauce — 2 tablespoons each of white miso, tahini and apple cider vinegar, whisked with a tiny bit of water to make it runny.

You can add white miso to salad dressings too (in which case omit the salt), mix it into mayo for superior sandwiches, or dilute it with liquid to make a marinade for fish, chicken thighs or pork chops. More generally, a generous teaspoonful added to anything from bolognese to soups to gravy adds a moreish depth of flavour. It's not remotely like Maggi liquid seasoning from the 1970s, but it does the same thing of making everything taste more oomphy in a way you can't put your finger on.

Miso Tasty is widely available and is excellent. They also do a red version, which is more intense and works best with heartier things such as beef and root veg. **IK**

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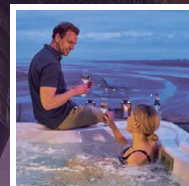
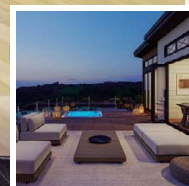
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Coronations & Celebrations



The Fan Museum is the only organisation of its kind devoted entirely to the multifaceted history, culture and artistry of the fan. The Museum is small-scale, independent, and accredited by Arts Council England. Situated within the World Heritage Site of Greenwich, London, a pair of beautifully restored, Grade II* listed, early Georgian period townhouses accommodate the Museum and its collections.

The Fan Museum is proud to present the exhibition *Coronations & Celebrations* in commemoration of the crowning of King Charles III and the Queen Consort on 6 May 2023. For many years, they have taken a great interest in The Fan Museum's work. Come and see centuries



of royal fans from across the continent: from a special, printed English fan marking the restoration of Charles II almost 400 years ago to the contemporary fans made by The Fan Museum in honour of the late Queen Elizabeth's Diamond Jubilee.

Spanning centuries of history across the much-known royal legacies of Europe, this exhibition is not merely a look back on what has been, but a rally of hope for what is to come. *Coronations & Celebrations* concludes on Saturday, 24 June and is not to be missed in this monumental and historical year.

The Museum is open from Wednesday to Saturday, 11am to 5pm (last entry 4.30pm) at 12 Crooms Hill, Greenwich, London SE10 8ER. Email info@thefanmuseum.org.uk or call 020 8305 1441.



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Previous editions of the Biennale gathered artworks from approximately 50 different nations, showcasing artists who have exhibited in some of the most important museums in the world, as well as emerging artists selected for their talent.

The official inauguration of the London Art Biennale is by invitation only, and the exhibition is open with free entry from 27 to 30 July 2023 in Chelsea Old Town Hall.



The Biennale's wide range of awards includes multiple monetary rewards and the opportunity for an artist's work to be professionally critiqued by the International Confederation of Art Critics.

The London Art Biennale is an exciting exhibition for art lovers, collectors, professionals, and critics to gather and celebrate contemporary art. It is taking place from 26 to 30 July at Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Road.

Artwork submission for the London Art Biennale 2023 is now open – the deadline for submissions is 31 May 2023. Submit yours today at londonbiennale.co.uk

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A LIFE IN THE DAY

Mick Hucknall

Simply Red singer, 62

Hucknall was born in Manchester and began his music career in the late 1970s with the band Frantic Elevators. He formed Simply Red in 1985 and they went on to become one of the UK's most successful bands, selling more than 50 million albums with hits including *Holding Back the Years* and *Stars*. He married the art dealer Gabriella Wesbury in 2010. They have one daughter, Romy, 15, and live in Surrey.

I get up at 7.30 and make breakfast for Romy and my wife. I look forward to Saturday mornings when the girls are out at Pilates and I treat myself to a kipper, boiled egg, toast and a pot of Darjeeling tea. I have to do it when nobody's home because of the smell.

There's always music on in the morning; late-Fifties jazz, old soul and Ravi Shankar. Who do I rate today? Nobody, really. You'll find a lot of musicians my age who feel the same way but haven't got the balls to say it because they're too worried about being "down with the kids". Sorry, kids, but I don't give a flying f*** what you're listening to.

I have the same attitude with what I wear. I'm not mutton dressed as lamb. This is the face of a 62-year-old man. Am I bothered about getting older? I can't complain. Those 62 years have been very good to me.

Admittedly there have been some difficult times. My mother left when I was three, so it was just me and my dad struggling on the breadline. That's what *Holding Back the Years* was about — hoping for the arms of a



mother. But I found inspiration in Dad's determination. He worked f***ing hard and made sure we survived.

That upbringing naturally led me to Labour, a political party that actually cares about the working class, unlike the disgusting administration we've got at the moment. When Corbyn was in charge I drifted away. It was all slogans: free Palestine, tax the rich. Sounds great — now tell us how you're going to do it. Keir Starmer is going to make a difference and I hope to God he's our next prime minister.

I'm sure people will accuse me of being a rich pop star with his head up his arse, talking bollocks. But I've always been a

tax resident in this country. I see paying my way as my patriotic duty. I have as much right as anyone to say what I think about this government.

I'm the house chef: Indian, Italian, a bit of French and a mean Lancashire hotpot that I learnt from my dad. A walk to the shops in the afternoon puts my brain into neutral and that's when the best song ideas come. A simple melody that I sing into my phone might become one of our most successful songs.

After Romy was born there was a long period when music took a back seat. I wanted to be a dad. I have no idea if I've been a good dad — you'd better ask Romy — but an advantage of being an older parent is that you can generally offer better advice because you've had time to figure shit out.

I don't envy Romy's generation. Social media puts them under so much pressure. Growing up in the Seventies, kids could mess up without worrying what the world might think.

She does see stories about me in the paper and asks questions. Some make me out to be a bit arrogant but I'm long past caring. A lot of it is jealousy. I've got a bit of money and all my own hair — a bald lead singer is not a good look unless you're Isaac Hayes. What can I say? I'm genetically blessed.

Simply Red is my day job but I keep a huge part of my life centred around home. I like nothing better than spending the evening on the sofa with the girls, watching *Seinfeld*. I used to meditate — I'm trained in transcendental meditation — but I've moved away from it.

I'm in bed by midnight and I sleep well. For a working-class kid from Manchester, I've done OK. A long, successful career, amazing experiences when I was single, and now the most wonderful prize of all: family. I know from bitter experience that money and success without someone to share it with is a very lonely place ■

Interview by Danny Scott. *Simply Red's* single *Better with You* is out now. Their new album, *Time*, is out on May 26

WORDS OF WISDOM

Best advice I was given

Don't shit on your own doorstep

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